

HOME INTERESTS.

Advice to Our Girls.

Maidens so pretty,
Pure and so fair,
Make yourselves ready
Life's burdens to share.

Teach your throbbing hearts
To be sweetly content
Midst the joys of the feast
Or the sorrows of Lent.

My lady, thine eyes
May be brilliant and clear,
Thy heart may be true,
And thy love sincere,
But think not the
Future's fair golden years
Are free from life's sorrow
Or life's bitter tears.

And maiden, beware
Lest you may let fall
Words you would gladly
Yet vainly recall.

Learn while a maiden
To live a true life,
To be a true woman,
To make a true wife.

—Pa. CAPITOLA BLACK.

Floral Notes.

The months of November and December are, as a rule, the most dreary in the calendar of the amateur florist, and yet they need not be so, if we take care to increase our stock of plants during the summer. In the culture of flowers we must of necessity look a long way ahead, and even now it is in order to plan our gardens for the spring, if it has not already been done. Lose no time in getting bulbs of all kinds under the ground. If your Peonies, Lilacs and Hortensias have stood for three years in the same place, they will not need dividing. This should have been done last month, but better late than never—the hardy anemone, such as *Laciniata*, *Candytuft*, *Nemorosa* and *Portulaca*, may be sown early in November, and they will be up in the spring before the ground is ready for working. Dig up flower-beds and leave them rough. The frost will do a great deal in mellowing the ground. Apply manure whenever needed, spading it in well.

Searily a day but I receive letters like the following: "I neglected to slip my plants in the summer, and have now to do so. I can't do so. Well, if you desire flowers immediately, there is probably no other alternative than to send to some florist. But, says some one, 'My plants from the greenhouse never do well.' I know that is true to some extent, and yet the fault is not the blame of the seller, but rather the conditions of life in which the plant are put to grow. Just see what a difference! Often taken from a moist, warm greenhouse to a dusty, close, dry room, at one time heated to suffocation, and, perhaps, the same day water will freeze in the same room. This is not an imaginary picture, for I have in mind a person who runs her plant-room in just this very manner. When sweeping days come, instead of throwing a newspaper over her plants to protect them, she makes the dust fly, regardless of the consequences. Sometimes she comes in to see my plants, and then wonders why here do not do well! My friend, there is such a thing as petting a plant too much, just as much as giving them too little sunlight. The chief essential in successful plant culture may be briefly stated as air, light, heat and cleanliness. Whenever you observe a green fly, or aphid, that is one too many, and if left will soon produce more. My remedies are given for this pest, but I have found nothing so effectual as tobacco smoke. Plants sent a long journey by mail will, in some cases, and especially with Geraniums, droop very much, but this is a condition that they are dead, for invariably they will put forth new leaves. Heliotropes are very liable to rust; that is, the leaves will turn black and drop without visible cause. The remedy is to grow them in more damp, warm place. Abutilons and Begonias of the flowering kinds seem to bear removal with impunity. I am very careful to harden off every plant I send out, so that they will grow where anything will.

I went down cellar this afternoon to examine my Holland bulbs, which I am keeping down there in their pots in darkness until the roots join. They were potted Sept. 15, and have been kept moist since then, for a bulb once started must never be allowed to dry. Inverting the pot, I knock it lightly on the rim on one of the shelves, and out comes a compact ball of earth, well filled with roots, scarcely so full as I desired, however, so I put the ball back into the pot and shove it again for another week. I found the Narcissus in the same condition, and a return to the same treatment as the Hyacinth, and here let me advise every reader to delay no longer than this month in getting every bulb into soil. The Crocus pot was well rooted, and the same leaf-growth started, so I removed them to the light. The Snowdrops and Oxalis had commenced to grow, but want to stay in the dark a little longer. My Camellia Lily, potted for forcing, has thrown up a stem, and is now high. This I put out into the light. Longiflorum has made roots, but no leaf-growth yet. I told you in a lack number how to make these bloom in winter.

A gentleman wrote me from Rhode Island as to whether he could remove Lilies of the Valley from his garden and have them bloom the coming winter in the house. It can be done, but the flowers are never so large as the ones grown from imported pots. You may dig up a strong clump and put it in a box, filling all around the clump with soil. Leave this outdoors where it will get a good frost, and then these Lilies are perfectly hardy, and, as you want them for forcing, bring in three pots or buds with root attached for each four-inch pot. Then you will cover with an inch of soil, putting them away in the cold after you have watered them. In about three weeks you may put them in the window, where they will bloom in short time. MR. KENNEDY. HENRIETTA, DUNDEE COUNTY, ILL.

A Rainy Sunday at a Country Inn.

It was Saturday evening; the last streaks of rosy light were stealing away from the western sky and the stars were appearing, as I rode up to the inn of an obscure, inland village in one of our Northern States.

It was a beautiful village, hemmed in by far-reaching forests which were, at that time, vocal with the night rehearsal of a full reptilian choir. Weary with the fatigue of the day, I sought the retirement of the room assigned by the host, and promised myself a day of enjoyment on the morrow. But things do not always happen as we would wish. Early in the morning I was awakened by the rain, and, looking out the pitched roof and splashing against the small window-panes. After arising, I gazed through the former window which faced the village street. The sky was obscured by clouds laden with storm, and along the streetside ran a muddy stream, dimpled by the falling rain-drops. In front of the inn and at right angles with the village street, an old turnpike-road wound through the green fields, and was lost to sight in a distant pine grove. Down the street, on a little knoll, stood the village church. Its bright gilded vane and newly shingled roof gave evidence of recent repairs. Up the street, as far as our vision extended, were a number of wooden structures, whose monotonous white fronts and green blinds were relieved, here and there, by a gill-littered store sign.

As I was gazing upon the green fields and the dripping groves, just budding into beauty, a large hand-bell announced the breakfast hour. Entering the dining-room, a cheery, smiling man at a long, narrow table, around which nearly a score of persons were sitting. Nothing of peculiar note occurred during the breakfast hour. Returning to my own seat in the chair by the dormer window, I made a closer survey of my room—of its plastered ceiling and its walls covered with quaintly designed tapestry and a walnut-framed lithograph of Webster that hung opposite my chair.

Soon the bell of the village church pealed forth its Sunday notes. Ere long a grave-looking old lady passed the house. From her sanctimonious looks it was evident that she was a full-blown flower of the church. Shortly afterward a number of people, clothed by umbrellas, passed by my window. They chatted gaily as they "picked their steps" along the muddy street. Soon the church bell became silent; the last church-goer had entered; the church door closed, and I gazed up the long, winding turnpike. A few crows were flying about, over the distant pine trees, and

still the rain poured as if it was St. Swithen's day. Sitting by the window I re-read the copy of a Boston daily which I had read the preceding day, pored over the advertisements, and earnestly wished that the writer of the dry notes in the newspaper might be caught, far from home, in this rain storm.

About 5 o'clock the rain began to cease, and the clouds changed their leaden hue to a less oppressive grey. At 6 o'clock the sun was blazing above the distant pines, and changing the rain-wet turnpike into a path of silver. I opened my window. The cheering song of a thousand birds voiced the clear air. All the trees, rich with leaves, were glittering with sun-lit raindrops. I passed to the streets. A bright-colored rainbow, like a colossal arch, was spanning the distant groves. Gradually it faded, and the sun sank behind the pines. The stars came out, and, by their silence, seemed to listen to the moonlight concert of the forest choir.

—PAUL M. RUSSELL. AMHURST, MASS.

A Western Surprise Party.

There was a surprise party last night, out on the smooth prairie six miles, gotten up by the parents of two young men, and as my Jo John and I were going, we made our preparations accordingly. The wind had been blowing hard all day, and at 5 o'clock the sun sank in a bank of dark, threatening-looking clouds that gleamed luridly, and the wind rose higher, and came blustering around the outbuildings now and then, bending the large gray willows nearly to the ground; and of course we thought our fun was ended. But we kept some one at the door to hear the first faint rattle, and, at half past 6 (we don't wait till 10 o'clock before we leave home here in the country) we concluded to run the risk of being blown away and caught in the rain, and we started.

There was a jolly load of us, and we enjoyed the ride hugely, with the exception of a fright or two, as the horses would get almost unmanageable at an open ditch by the road-side, or a white creature roaming the streets. Our four-minute pair took us there in fine style, and, as the driver gave a last flourish and we came around at the gate, we had a splendid view of the large white house, brightly lighted, and looking so cheerful and home-like to us out in the wild blustering night. Everything went off merrily, if the musicians did play the "Monie Mask" out of time, and when they called, "Swing once and a half times round," only gave you time to swing half way round. We had a jolly time, and a magnificent supper, such a one as is seldom seen at a city gathering, and started for home as the clock struck 12. The wind was still blowing hard, but no rain, and we reached home all right, pleased that we had not given up going because it looked a little rough.

—HARMONIE. DE KALB, ILL.

Those Good Old Times.

How cozy comfortable it seemed in the days gone, to sit before the blazing log-fire and listen to the crackling of the hemlock boughs as they crisped up in the fervent heat and went out in smoke and ashes, leaving the cheer of their presence dancing in and out among the flickering shadows. The huge mug of cider and the heaping pan of mellow apples went to make the cheer and good-will complete. Reminiscences like this carry me away to the sunny spring sun, where the fields seemed like crumpled-up patches of ground, and the stones lay scattered thickly over the hills and strewn recklessly among the eaves of the valleys. On the black hillside grew monstrous clumps of chestnut trees, while out in the patches of wood that remained standing where the forest was cut away the tiny fields and patches of woods were rattling and skurrying down amid the crisp leaves of the late autumn. The magnificent sweep of the broad prairie has taken the place of the tiny fields and patches of woods. I still turn with feelings of kindly remembrance to the old home upon the hillside which was once my abiding place.

—OULENA. CHICAGO, ILL.

Cookies.

One cup of pulverized sugar, one cup of butter, two eggs, five table spoons of cold water, flour enough to roll; flavor with vanilla, and the taste dictates, roll very thin and bake in a quick oven.

—AUNT LUCY. CHICAGO, ILL.

Opposition to Early Railroads.

When the Central Railroad was in its infancy, the company experienced great trouble with certain landowners, whose property had been taken by appraisal, at or near Tribe's Hill. It was with great difficulty that trains could pass, although a vigilant watch was kept up. Men were stationed with a hand-car just east of the curve leading into Tribe's Hill from the east, and, when they heard the evening train coming west, they would put on the hand-car just as near ahead of the train as they dared, and run ahead of the train into the station; but between the hand-car and the train the track would be literally strewn with stones, rails, and all manner of obstructions, which were thrown down from the heights above, so that the train would have to stop to clear the track (each train carried men for that purpose), and then proceed at a snail's pace into the station. Then again the tracks would be piled with huge heaps of straw, and the engineer would stop and find nothing but straw. It was usually thought that the straw business was only a scare, but about the first time he attempted to run through without stopping he found a huge boulder in the center. This matter went on from bad to worse; an attempt was made to burn one of the company's bridges near this village. This was so highly criminal, and it was made so hot for some persons, that hostilities ceased. Upon one occasion, George Cox, who, with his brothers, Tom and Maxwell, were well known up and down the valley as locomotive engineers, was watching the track near Tribe's Hill with a shot gun, with instructions to shoot the first man he saw placing any obstructions on the track. It was quite dark, and at a short distance from him he saw two men carry something large and heavy and place it on the track. His first impulse was to shoot, and he handled up, but he hated to take human life, and thought he would steal upon them and see who they were. He did so, and found that they were two travelers who had come from the canal with their chest to take the train, and, being tired, had set it down to rest.—*Amsterdam (N. Y.) Democrat.*

Silk from the Sea.

The sea yields many precious things—coral, amber and pearls—but it is generally known that in some parts of the Mediterranean a species of mussel is found of which the shells contain one of the most beautiful textile materials known. These shells are about seven inches long and three inches broad, and each of them contains a bank or byssus of the fiber, weighing half a drachm, and at first it presents nothing particular to the eye, being soiled with mud and the remains of marine plants. But, when washed and combed the fibers are seen to be extremely lustrous, glistening in the sunshine in shades varying from a golden yellow to olive brown. Spun and woven in the ordinary manner, stockings, gloves,

neckties, and similar articles can be manufactured from them, and they are likewise suited for making the finest lace. At present the production of these fibers hardly exceeds 200 kilograms (3 cwt. 3 qrs.) a year. Specimens of these curious mussels and their finished products were exhibited at the recent Paris Exhibition, but they appear to have been overlooked.

John Sherman's "Difficulty."

"Didn't you have a fight once on the floor of Congress with a Southern member?"

"The only difficulty of that sort I had was with a man by the name of Wright, from Tennessee. He was a man who drank hard, and came on the floor in that condition. I was making a speech one day, and came to the end of a sentence, when this man said, 'That's a lie.' He was some distance from me, and I did not hear it; but the reporter did hear it, and put it down in his transcript, so that next day it appeared in the *Globe* newspaper. This made me mad, and I arose on the day following to a question of privilege. I said that I had not heard any such remark made, and presumed that the gentleman from Tennessee who did make it, was in such a condition that he did not know what he was saying. At this Wright arose as if to make a reply, but his colleagues surrounding him pulled him down. A little while after he came around to speak to some of the Southern Americans, or Know-Nothings, who sat just around me. He addressed a remark to one of these, and as he did so looked at me with some insolence. I arose at once and picked up a cup of water, such as lay on the desk of every member at that time, and threw the contents in his face. He had a pistol at his hip, and tried to draw it on the floor, when he was suppressed by the other members. However, the incident made a great impression on the House, and led to an early adjournment, as there was every expectation of either a duel or an affray. It was known that I was no duelist, but would repel an assault. A member from the Southern element came to me to find out what I meant to do. I told him that I should repel any physical attack on me with interest. He then instructed me that if the sequel of this incident was to be an assault instead of a duel, there could be but one assault—that the fight had to begin and end in a single encounter. He told me to be ready. I got a pistol and put it in my pocket, and I was a good shoot. I never felt cooler in my life, and I made up my mind that the instant Wright approached me with a hostile intention I would shoot him dead. A friend of mine, capable in such emergencies, walked out of the Capitol with me, and as we descended the steps on the side next to the city and came to the fountain which flows halfway down the several flights of steps, there I looked, and coming around the other side of the fountain was Wright, also accompanied by a colleague. I walked toward him, looking him in the eye, with my hand on the pistol, fully determined to shoot him if he raised his hand. But he did nothing of the kind. He probably saw what was in reversion for him, and I went right past him without suffering an encounter. He afterward turned out a drunkard and died a drunkard. The remarks passed on him at home in Tennessee, on account of his cowardly behaviour at that time, used him up."—*Gath, in Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Killing a Thousand Rats.

A day or two since a grand rat-killing carnival came off at one of the slaughter houses on the Napa road, between two men, two dogs and a regiment of long-tailed "varmints," in which the former came out victorious and succeeded in slaying, by actual count, 1,000 rats in the space of two hours. The rats were from the floor of a log corral, and the men got at them by lifting one board at a time and hitting what they could with clubs, while the dogs killed the rest. After the battle was over the rats were thrown out in a pile on the road, which made one of the most novel sights ever seen by the passers. They were finally buried in a grave prepared for their reception.—*Fallito (Cal.) Chronicle.*

A Blockade That Should Be Raised.

The egress from the system of waste material through the natural channels should be rendered free, without loss of time, when a blockade is produced by an attack of constipation, a disorder which, if it becomes chronic, is productive of serious bodily mischief, jaundice, severe headache, nausea, dyspepsia, the usual concomitants of the malady mentioned, all indicate that the bodily functions are materially interfered with. Hostetter's Bitters is particularly efficacious in cases of this sort, and renders the habit of bowels perfectly regular. It is a medicine greatly to be preferred to drastic cathartics, which are well calculated to lurch, but unadapted also to women in the intestines. We say unadapted, since such medicines are the favorite resource of many ill-advised persons, who resort to them upon the most trivial occasion, and greatly to their discomfort and injury.

When You Go to Chicago.

To see Grant, or for any other purpose, you will want a good hotel. Such an one is the Tremont. John A. Rice, the proprietor, knows the wants and tastes of travelers, and his hotel is an emphatically first-class. The aim is to make every guest a friend of the house.

An Elegant Watch.

If you want to get an elegant stem-winding Elgin Watch, send for a specimen copy of *The Chicago Ledger*.

OSWEGO STARCH FACTORY, N. Y.

Oct. 28, 1878.

DEAR SIR: We have several acres of your Asbestos Roofing on our buildings. The first roof, put on fifteen years ago, is in good condition, and we prefer it to any other.

Yours respectfully,

T. KINGSFORD & SONS.

To be of permanent benefit a medicine must reach the source of the disease. The reason why SCOTT'S BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP is so successful in overcoming scrofulous and all eruptive complaints is that it entirely roots out those impurities which give rise to them. The cause of the evil being thus removed and the normal purity of the circulation restored, the skin resumes its original clearness and sores and pimples disappear. Sold by all Druggists.

Young men, go West. Learn telegraphy. Situation guaranteed. R. Valentine, mgr., Janesville, Wis.

H. W. Johns' Asbestos Liquid Paints are strictly pure lined oil paints, and contain no water. They are the best and most economical paints in the world. Send for samples to 87 Maiden lane, N. Y.

THIRTY of the best organ makers of the world are competitors at the Paris Exposition. A cable dispatch to the Associated Press says two highest awards have been awarded to the American makers, Mason & Hamlin.

Pon coughs, colds and throat disorders use "Brown's Bronchial Troches," having proved their efficacy by a test of many years' use.

Prevent crooked heels and blistered heels by wearing Lyon's Heel Stiffeners. Can be applied at any time.

The Ladies are all buying Madam Lorraine's Bosom Shapes. See "ad." in another column.

Only Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested his wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it this recipe, in German, French, English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERK, 149 Fovea Block, Rochester, N. Y.

\$500 Reward.

They cure all diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Nerves, Kidneys and Urinary Organs, and \$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them—Hop Bitters. Test them.—*Post.*

Farmers! \$3,000,000

can be saved every year by the farmers in this country if they will properly color their butter by using Wells, Richardson & Co.'s Perfected Butter Color. It gives a splendid June color and never turns red.

BONDS.

We pay either to Agents on salary or commission. Address, WOOD & FERRY, LAMP CO., Portland, Maine.

\$777 A YEAR and expenses to Agents. Outfit Free.

Proportional returns every year. Stock Options of \$100.

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GUNS. Revolvers, Catalogue free. Address: Great Western Gun Works, Pittsburg, Pa.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Price 25c. Sold by all Druggists.

YOUNG MEN. Learn Telegraphy and receive \$500 a year.

Barney & Berry's SKATES. \$2,500 A YEAR.

GRANT'S TOUR AROUND THE WORLD.

THE ONLY GENUINE SALT WATER CURE.

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